

**The**

# *EMCEE*

**Collection of**

**HECKLER STOPPERS  
COMIC DICTIONARY  
COMIC SONG TITLES**





- BUNK — where money is kept.
- PUNY — a baby horse.
- TRUMP — a loafer.
- CUFF — a baby cow.
- WHARF — a midget.
- MINT — a verb, he mint well.
- CLOB — what they sell bacon by.
- ANKLE — my mother's brother.
- SQUEAM — hot weather favorite - ice squeam.
- BLUSTER — what you get from a burn.
- ROSTER — a hen's boy friend.
- TORNEDO — something hurled from submarines.
- GOGGLES — what a man does for a sore throat.
- CONNIVE — what you cut with - connive and fork.
- POODLE — what forms after a rain.
- LEASH — what you sign with the landlord.
- INFAMY — prejudice - he has it infamy.
- PARODIES — like in buying gloves, give me a parodies.
- ROBOT — what you rent in a park lagoon.
- TROSSEAU — a famous castaway, Robinson Trosseau.
- TARPAPER — a sailor's periodical.
- HOTEL DETECTIVE — the grim "rapper."
- BRACE — sounds made by a donkey.
- FLOPHOUSE — a dime a dozen'.
- A WOMAN'S BRA — a sag sac.
- VENISON — pa got mad venison argued with him.
- WOODEN DESK — Hans says I wooden desk you for a nickel.
- WAMPUM — what a lisping Indian princess does to warriors.
- VILE — a short period of time.
- WEASEL — what an artist paints on.
- ENCORE — something that holds down a ship.
- TISSUE — for what if it's wrapped around a pearl necklace, she'll kiss you for.
- WIDE — what a lisping girl loves to go for, if the car is new.
- ERMINE WRAP — what keeps the good looking steno working for 40 bucks a week.
- LEMON — an orange with a grouch.
- WHISKEY — an anesthetic with an internal revenue stamp.
- WIFE — a Bad partner.
- NEWFOUNDLAND — a long-let-tered way of describing the married state "No-fun-land."
- ANGLE — what a girdle changes to a curve.
- REDCAP — an indoor caddy.
- VALLEY — a hill with an inferiority complex.
- PERSPIRATION — a highbrow's sweat.
- PEROXIDE — bottled in blonde.
- ROBIN — chirp off the old block.
- PUTTING ON MAKEUP — baiting the trap.
- CAT — purring mousetrap.
- DIVORCED AND REMARRIED — changing horses.
- HANS — what a girl tells a boy to keep to himself.
- HULA DANCER — a girl who got what it shakes.
- CATTY — boy who carries clubs on the golf course.
- CADDY — an old gossip.
- FLEECE — what sets a dog scratching.
- PRECEDENT — the fellow who heads the firm.
- MERRIER — what a girl usually wants a fellow to do before making love to her.
- AFFABLE — one of Aesop's tales.
- WOLF — a bird of prey - a two legged bird - a bird with animal instincts. A nocturnal creature usually found in caverns - he spells it taverns.
- MARRIAGE — a foolish urgin' of a foolish virgin.
- SINCE — plural of sin.
- SCENTS — pennies.
- GIRL — perpetual emotion.
- PACE — popular radio program it pace to be ignorant.
- NODDING — what people simply won't work for - nodding.



DEFERENTIAL — part of a car, like grease my deferential.

REMNANT — a famous painter of pictures.

OPERATING TABLE — chopping block.

DANDELIONS — one-legged blondes.

ICICLE — water with rigor mortis.

RIVER — lake on a diet.

DETAIL — de end part of a dog.

SCRAP BOOK — a fighter's diary.

HYPOCRITE — a young wife asking her sick old husband how he feels.

RELIGIOUS MAN — guy who believes in the almighty — the almighty dollar.

CHIEF CAUSE OF HUNGER IN THE BODY — lack of food.

VERSE — opposite of better.

GULLY — exclamation: like, by gully.

RAIMENT — a boy's name.

OUTER GARMENT — what makes a woman look like a mess, especially if she's with out 'er garment.

AGHAST — a guy who stays at your house.

BUM — that's a tourist with no money.

ROGUE — what you put across the floor.

ALMO — what you have for dessert, pie alamo.

HEARING — what a husband is usually hard of, when his old lady asks him for a mink coat.

OPERATING TABLE — chopping block.

CARROT — banana with a hat.

WIFE — a household necessity, usually found in most homes.

PIG — the guy who wouldn't give up his seat in the street car to your wife — you finally had to get up and give her yours.

SPAGHETTI — Italian yarn.

SNAKE — earthworm in technicolor.

WASHING MACHINE — motorized wash board.

PUMPKIN — Kingsized tangerine.

TWO-BY-FOUR — the way most couples start married life; first two, bye, and bye, four.

COLLUSION — what happens when two cars bump into each other.

DATA — exclamation of surprise: is data fact?

HOBBY — a greeting, like, hobby, fellow, hobby you?

FARCE — what a street car conductor says at the end of the line — farce we go.

SAND DUNES — a beach in convulsions.

GOLD DIGGER — a girl who goes into business for YOURSELF.

## THE WOLF DICTIONARY

CUB — a junior wolf.

LAIR — a wolf's apartment.

A WOLF PACK — a convention.

WOLFING — not held down by marital contracts — free lancing.

FAT WOMAN — inflated.

SPOOKS — part of a wagon wheel.

STRIP TEASER — a girl who always knows what she is undoing.

MEDITATE — I was supposed to meet the blond at seven, but I couldn't shake the wife, so instead we meditate.

MAID — someone who gets out of bed to help with the dishes — after you and your wife have already washed, dried and put them away.

POLITICIAN — a guy who believes in liberty and justice for all — who vote the way he tells them to.

OPTIMIST — a guy who tells his wife in winter, don't worry if the flat's cold, honey, you'd be surprised how much warmer it gets in the summer.

JUNKET — a dessert, also what my girl friend always tells me to do with my car.

WIFE — a bawl and pain.

DEFORM — what looks good in de bathing suit.

ZINNIA — I ain't zinnia in a long time.

JIMMINY — part of the fireplace where the smoke goes through.

HELUVA NICE GUY — the way you describe the boss or the guy with money to a friend, in the hope that it will get back to him.

CHIEF CAUSE OF WAR — shooting.



- MARRIAGE — one good way of stopping the girl friend from making trouble for you.
- HAY — blond grass.
- BUNK — where money is kept.
- PUNY — a baby horse.
- TRUMP — a loafer.
- CUFF — a baby cow.
- GIRDLE — armor with elastic.
- PREACHER — the man who really marries you to your wife, when all is said and done. And when all is said, you're done.
- GOLF LINKS — a pool table with grass.
- EMPLOYMENT MANAGER — A man who himself would love to have the kind of a snap most of today's applicants are seeking.
- SCARLET Tanager — The bird that was named after the sun-burned gals on the beach - called the scarlet teenager.
- INCITE — Opposite of outside.
- BACHELOR — guy who wants to be free to drink his gin, beer, and t'hell with marriage and yes my dear.
- SECRETARY — a girl who when she has standin' with the boss, has a good job, when she has an understandin' with him, has a good fur coat.
- BRA — something that elevates a woman's appeal.
- DANIEL BOONE — famous frontiersman, with a sister, Bab.
- VULTURE — garbage can with wings.
- MUSE — sounds made by a cat.
- SKITS — what your car does in the country, on the icy roads.
- WIFE — what no husband should be without, if he can afford one, and without pawning his overcoat or mortgaging his set of uppers and lowers.
- JERKINS — what the girl's mother said when I first walked into their house: "Who let that jerkin?"
- BACHELOR — a guy who prefers a boat to a woman - has just as wide a bottom.
- PINNACLE — a game of cards.
- BURLESQUE SHOW — a bathing beach with runways.
- PROPAGANDA — passing the hate.
- GIRDLE — a woman's best friend—it will go to the end of the girth for her.
- DANDELIONS — sunflower's puppies.
- IMPOTENT — southern expression, I have an impotent date, yo'all.
- PITCH — fruit; often made into pie, pitch pie.
- DEARIE — place where they sell milk and cheese.
- YARN — greetings, as my wife is OK, how's yarn.
- WELCOME GUEST — someone to whom you give food your wife was going to throw out anyway.
- HARASSED — what the neighbor threatened to do to me, swear out a warrant for my harassed.
- SUPREME SACRIFICE — a woman wearing last year's mink.
- PUTTER — what you put on your PREAD.
- MARRIED MAN — a fellow who hates to be considered as old as his wife looks.
- POLITICIAN — a guy who makes money by the sweat of your brow.
- JUNO — an expression, as well, whatch-juno.
- VACATION — place without your wife.
- EGOTIST'S SONG — I'm in love with a wonderful I.
- VIRGIN — a girl with a poor memory.
- STALEMATE — mate with no appeal.
- EVENING — a threat; like, I'll get evening with you.
- CHIEF CAUSE OF COLD — lack of heat.
- DURESS — a woman's article of clothing, a party dress.
- EASY MARK — a guy with a soft heart and a head to match.
- WORK — something a man takes to when he has exhausted all other resources, especially his wife's other resources.



- AMAZIN' — name of a river in South America.
- CEMETERY — grass dormitory.
- SKOAL — place of learning, such as grammar skoal.
- APPEAL — an article of fruit.
- ZINC — the place in the kitchen where you wash dishes.
- CUSTARD — famous general in the battle of the Big Horn.
- PEBBLES — rock's puppies.
- ECLIPSE — the barber eclipse your hair for 75c.
- ENGAGEMENT RING — what is followed by wedding ring, ending in fight ring.
- GIRDLE — a clinging vine with fabric.
- BOYCOTT — a male cat — brother to a girl cat.
- HARP — a piano that's been on a strip tease.
- GARLIC — an onion with super-man ideas.
- CAT — one of those things that give funny sounds when stepped on in a dark room.
- BEAUTICIAN'S SLOGAN — God save the kink.
- WICK — seven days.
- STUPIFY — I got to stupify want to lace my shoes.
- MIRACLE — a successful marriage.
- HYPOTENUSE — a big clumsy animal found in the African jungles.
- SQUASH — plural of squaw.
- ADHESION — opposite of subtraction.
- SHOWGIRL — girl who believes there's no business like show business, and what she shows is her business.
- HOG — the guy at the banquet who grabs the steak you had your eye on.
- BANJO — a greeting, how yah banjo.
- POP BOTTLES — transparent tenpins.
- SPAT — what a husband and wife call a good argument; to the neighbors it sounds more like the battle of the century.
- GRASSHOPPER — what a cow eats in the evening — a grass supper.
- TWIN — what a man will bet money on a horse to do — but actually t'lose.
- PINTO — favorite drink, especially if it's a pinto scotch.
- HUMILITY — a word frequently heard during hot spells — it's not the heat, it's the humility.
- LAVATORY — what little Susan thinks its a story about lava, a lavatory.
- COUNTRY STORE — a place where they have about everything you don't need.
- HORMONE TABLETS — good for what fails you.
- GLOW WORM — that's what we'd like, something we can find in the dark when we go fishing.
- BRIDAL AISLE — a war path.
- REPERTOIRE — a guy who brings in the news.
- HARP — Piano with its clothes off.
- FRYING PAN — tin plate with a nose.
- STREETCAR MOTORMAN — poor man's private chauffeur.
- LINOLEUM — oil cloth with starch.
- CROWDED BUS — a sardine can with tires.
- PACIFY — what a kid asks in school: Will I pacify study, teacher?
- DICTATORSHIP — rule by trial and terror.
- WOMEN COMPLIMENTING EACH OTHER — purring.
- COUPON — that ain't a rooster.
- ACQUIRE — church singers.
- I JUST ATE — what you tell the hostess when she offers you something you don't like.
- COW PASTURE — good place for playing ball, easy to make a third base.
- RADISH — a turnip with high blood pressure.
- SHELLS — what a salesman does for a living.
- PUTTING — dessert, chocolate, vanilla.



- CAREFUL DRIVING** — what every motorist does when a motorcycle cop is trailing him.
- GENTLEMEN** — a guy who always rises courteously to his feet when his wife enters the room, even at the risk of dropping the housemaid off his knee.
- WOLF** — a four legged animal, with some good points, one on each ear.
- WRINKLED FACE** — a waffle iron with a nose.
- MAN WITH HIGH HAT** — he better hang onto it; never know when he'll have to pass it around.
- BANJO** — frying pan with frets.
- DELIGHT** — opposite of de' dark.
- OLD MAN** — blizzard head.
- OPPORTUNE** — an opera tune.
- PARAFINNS** — Two fives.
- NUDIST COLONY** — featuring what the well dressed woman will wear.
- BALD** — what man spends money on to keep from going, even after it's already gone.
- FULL DRESS SUIT** — What makes you feel like a million dollars, less the \$3.00 Jake is charging you for the rent of suit.
- HAMMOCKS** — part of a pig.
- RATCHET** — what the wife roars when she sees the unsprung trap: "Didn't you catch the darn ratchet."
- INFATUATED** — the way you had your egg, in fat you fried it and infatuated.
- BALDHEAD** — someone to whom his subordinates say: "yes sir, no sir, thank you sir," and to whom his friends say: "Hi yah, baldy."
- OPTIMIST** — a program that goes on television the same time as the big name.
- GOLD DIGGER** — one who catches a man's eye, then his wallet.
- COLD WIFE** — deep freeze with a kimona.
- TAVERN** — poor man's cocktail lounge.
- BAGEL** — doughnut with rigor mortis.
- IDEAL MARRIAGE** — where the wife works for you.
- VENTRILOQUIST** — a person who really talks to himself without being considered crazy.
- BARGAIN** — what both bride and groom discover each one isn't after a few years.
- COW** — a creature equipped with an automatic fly swatter.
- BRA** — great help in putting up a big front.
- MARRIAGE BROKER** — fight promoter.
- DEAD BEAT** — cop patrolling the morgue.
- TEARS** — what a wife sheds for a mink coat when she's too old to effectively shed anything else.
- VINE** — vot you drink ven you haf no viskey.
- SALAD** — something firm, like salad ivory.
- HOSPITAL NURSE** — what a grease monkey is to an automobile.
- DEAR** — what your wife calls you when she needs money.
- BADLY DRESSED PLAYBOY** — a wolf in cheap clothing.
- WHOLESALE** — what you can buy as cheap as retail, if you're smart.
- PIG ENJOYING SWILL** — slop happy.
- GIRL** — a bear trap in nylons.
- BATHING BEACH** — a great stretch of sands and a great stretch of necks, mostly men, where the girls are around.
- GOOF** — anyone who disagrees with you.
- PUGILIST** — guy who lives on a diet of POUND cake.
- LIAR** — a happily married man.
- DELIVER** — what tastes good with de fried onions.
- DECADE** — what they say about a bad tooth.
- BRAID** — a noise, like my donkey braid.
- WHISPERS** — what grow mighty fast, if you don't shave them.
- QUIET MAN** — one who always knows what he isn't talking about.
- ICELANDER** — what my wife says I do whenever she is out of hearing, she claims I slander her.
- VIE** — a question, like vie don't you mind your own business.



- MODERATOR** — when I demand who ate that chicken I brought home last week, did fodder eat'er — no, came the answer, moderator.
- BRIDAL VEIL** — war bonnet.
- FAKE DOCTOR** — everything he's quacked up to be.
- NIGHT CLUB** — a place where you generally laugh at everything but the size of the check.
- PERSON ON DIET** — guy with a one-snack mind.
- LODGE** — opposite of small.
- OX** — what you chop wood with.
- SQUASH** — plural of squaw.
- VEST** — opposite of east.
- DIVORCEE** — slightly used; usually good as new.
- CHIEF CAUSE OF CRYING** — tears.
- OFFICE WOLF** — guy who wants a girl like his typewriter, one who responds to his slightest touch.
- PUTTING ON GIRDLE** — rounding out her corners.
- SLINGSHOT** — what a sportsman got in trouble over — he'd go into a tavern and sling a shot.
- COMMUTER** — guy who misses his station and runs through the crowded train like a football player running interference.
- REAL ESTATE BROKER** — a guy always anxious to increase his holdings — that's when he got into trouble — he was caught embracing his steno — that was one of his holdings.
- BALLPLAYER'S GIRL** — good at sliding, slips out of his grasp.
- POOR MAN** — the guy who begs his neighborhood grocer for food on the cuff so he can save has cash for shopping at the chain stores.
- WAYFARER** — a cookie, like a vanilla wayfarer.
- PIONEER** — musical instrument with a keyboard.
- DEBATE** — what you catch de fish wid.
- CHANGING UNDERWEAR** — re-papering her pantry.
- PARALYZE** — two fibs.
- FORMAL AFFAIR** — where you have to wear shoes.
- YORE** — how is yore old man?
- WIFE** — one who thinks she still has the glamour you wish she had.
- BEAUTY PARLOR** — the cause of trouble among my relatives — my aunt caught my uncle in the parlor, with a beauty.
- VOW** — what my little friend Sammy exclaimed ven he saw his goil in a bathing suit.
- COOP** — what you drink coffee out of, with the aid of a sooser.
- COW COUNTRY** — the kind of country you like if you are a cow.
- APPEAR** — well known order in a tavern, give me a shot and appear.
- OPERA SINGING** — freedom of SCREECH.
- PICNIC** — a snack in the grass.
- COW** — the calf's old woman.
- POOCH** — where you keep tobacco.
- OPTIMIST** — an old man with a young wife and a big insurance policy.
- HYPOCRITE** — a groom with the bridesmain's phone number in his pocket.
- DEAR** — what a wife calls her husband when she needs money.
- SOUR CREAM** — sweet cream that got up on the wrong side of the cow.
- SAUR KRAUT** — hay with a Teuton accent.
- LAST RITES** — what really should belong to men getting married — last rights they'll ever have.
- BRATS** — other people's children.
- PUNK** — the other girls boy friend.
- PREACHER** — the man who really marries you to your wife when all is said and done. When all is said, you're done.
- MARRIAGE** — what girl chooses as better than getting up in the morning and going to work.
- ELEPHANT** — cow with a tale on each end.
- BACHELOR** — what a married man wishes he were.
- YAWN** — pardon me, your sleep is showing.
- SPARKLING WATER** — poor man's champagne.



GROOM — something that is led like a lamb to the altar.

WOODEN BRIDGE — what the dentist tried to palm off on me as porcelain.

WIFE — the woman thow gavest me — as I say to her now; thou gavest me h—l.

SUNDRY — the day following Saturday.

ALFALFA — Al fall for a girl.

POPPY SEED — poppy went to a burlesque show, oooh, what poppy seed.

TAUNT — something made of canvas, used for camping out.

SEMI — what our little friend Sammy's mother calls him when she is excited: "Semi, Semi!"

MATURE — as in the sentence, last night I mature old man in the tavern.

## HECKLER STOPPERS

You've got a good line - why don't you hang yourself with it?

Oh, lady over there, you look good enough to eat - if I were a cannibal.

They say a man is known by the company he keeps - here's a guy who's known by the company that keeps away from him.

(To a baldhead) Well, you certainly are a man of polish - mostly around your head.

Oh, it's you, I'd hardly know you without your leg irons.

That noisy boy over there - his head is so round, so firm, so fully CRACKED.

Keep that up and you'll be glorified: you'll be in a cathedral - but everybody will be sitting or standing up while you are lying down.

I hear what you're saying over there, I'm not as dumb as I think you are.

Hey, where did you get that thing on your shoulders - from a used head dealer.

How much refund do you expect back on your head, now that it's empty.

What do you know, around Easter, I'll bet you lay your eggs in technicolor.

How come you're here tonight? Did the animal welfare shelter renew your dog license?

I hear this guy had no manners, even as a little boy: always drank his

whiskey straight from the bottle.

I'll bet you had to drive around the block five times before you found a place to park your new wheelbarrow.

You'll look better when your false teeth get broken in.

You there—the worst thing they could say of a hyena, it laughs like you.

You've heard of the watch on the Rhine—when I look at you it reminds me of the watch on the Swine.

To a woman heckler—Don't be so catty—after all you can be replaced—by a mouse trap.

Next time I'm gonna step on your tail and hold you until the zoo keeper arrives.

Is that your nose, or are you pumping on a bicycle tire.

Your head is so empty why don't you return it and get your two cents back.

If you ever get to the pearly gates, I hope you discover a sign—no vacancy.

Last time I saw a head like yours, it was braying.

That's the thinker; I know what he is thinking about; he is thinking he is nuts. Do you know what; I agree with him.

(For an elderly heckler) You function pretty well, for an old rebuilt.

Last time I saw a head like yours it was inside a canvas bag of oats.



Say, tell me, in the winter do you have a tough time getting your dunce cap over your ear muffs?

Oh, I didn't recognize you—you got this year's suit, but last year's face.

How did they ever get you out of your house in the first place—smoke you out?

If I knew you were coming, I'd have stayed at home.

Say, I'll bet your wife loves you: She probably just returned from the jungle, and anybody looks good to her.

I heard you live in the house that Jack built . . . your wife's jack.

Why don't you go back to the farm and return the pig's regards.

They say accidents will happen, but must you happen here?

You? Here I thought you had already holed up for the winter.

The last time I saw a head like yours it was inside a dog muzzle.

I hear you never bring your hosts any gifts; you come empty-handed, with a head to match.

I've seen better ears on a drinking cup.

You're so small you look like something they pick up by the ears and drink water from.

The last time I saw a head like yours it was inside a dog muzzle.

How did you get here - wiggle off the fish hook.

Why don't you be a gentleman and take off your head in the presence of a lady.

Would you like it if I walked into your pen and upset your trough of hogwash?

There's a guy who has lots of irons in the fire - he doesn't mind burning his legs, just so he can melt the irons and escape.

To a baldheaded heckler - you have a nice head - when did you have it candled last?

I'd ask you to pay more attention to our show, but I realize you can't see a thing without your head.

I'd hardly know you without a beer bottle.

So you think you'll get my goat—you got a fat chance, with a head to match.

I really admire your complexion—cheeks like roses, and a nose to match.

Here's to the nice boat I hope you take a ride in—may it return, bottoms up.

You've heard the song, the big brass band from Brazil—you're the big loud mouth from (any city)

I admit you're popular: women go for you: with baseball bats.

How come you're here? Didn't the penal authorities take up their option on you.

You'll never win a battle of wits—you have no ammunition.

A face like yours in television would be a good argument for sending back television.

Well, can't say you're scatter brained. You have no brains to scatter, absolutely none.

You used to be a successful man—you could deliver the goods—until someone stole your pushcart.

You got a soft heart and a head to match.

Now, you over there, you should know better than to pass remarks: I heard you came from a nice family—a nice family of pigs.

I like your laugh mister. It's a pleasure to hear something come out of your head beside the usual sound of hee, haw, hee, haw.

You're a boob. I understand when your girl told you she had muscles in her limbs, you took her word for it.

You're face needs more ironing than your clothes.

Who writes your material — Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer?

What do you expect to be when you grow up?

With all that meat under your wings, I'm surprised they let you live, even if you do lay an occasional egg.

Oh, it's you - I hardly knew you without that lie detector strapped to you.



## HECKLER STOPPERS

Don't mind him; his father was dumb . . . so is he . . . a chip off the old blockhead.

How can you sit still so long, don't your fleas bother you?

Oh, it's you. No wonder I couldn't recognize you. You're wearing your head.

Are you having clam chowder and is that your nose, or are you holding a soup ladle.

You're so small you look like something they pick up by the ears and drink water from.

How did you get here—wiggle off the fish hook?

Back already? Did you finish all the peanuts I threw at you? What did you do with the shells? Leave them in your cage?

I'll bet Saturday is a happy day in your life. Your life lets you return all the empty beer bottles and keep half of what you get.

I didn't recognize you without your pushcart.

Last time I saw a head like yours, it was being carved out for hallowe'en.

So what if I make a mistake. I'm only human—don't you wish you were, too.

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## COMIC SONG TITLES

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Original song entitled: Get off the ladder, granny, that's not what's meant by a drink on the house.

"You can't go wrong, sister, not with a MAP like yours.

The One Eye Song: One Eye-rish eyes are smiling.

Maggie and I have been married two years and have no family—"I never see Maggie, alone."

Lucky Old Sun—Dedicated to the guy who stole my gal—Lucky old sun of a gun.

Take Me Out to the Ball Game—if you want to get to first base with me.

She's a home girl—but gosh what kind of a home some people live in.

And now, "Riders in the Sky." — Duck your heads, boys.

"I'm in the Mood for Love." start taking advantage of it, girls.

"If You Were the Only Girl in the World, and I Were the Only Boy,"—I'd still rather be on a "Slow Boat to China," "All By Myself, Alone."

The old favorite, dedicated to a mink, "Could I, I Certainly Could."

We will play "On a Sunday Afternoon"—which is better than any other afternoon—double time you know.

My horse is disgusted because "The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be Many Long Years Ago."

Medley: "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder," it must have been dropped by the "Riders in the Sky" driving "The Old Gray Mare," for the "Last Roundup."

You were meant for me - and I was meant for something better.

I can't give you anything but what we've definitely agreed on already, baby.

That old favorite, "Only Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway"—but the way that cab driver is stalling on us, it might as well be on a slow boat to China.

That old revival, "Sweet Georgia's Brown"—been on the beach all day.

"Cruising Down the River," and the only interesting thing we saw was a beaver getting bawled out by the business agent for working on Sunday.

The old favorite, "The Old Gray Mare Ain't What She Used To Be,"—but, then, neither are we.

"Far Away Places" — start heading for them, boys.



"When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver; I'll be on a Slow Boat to China, all by myself, too.

"She's the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady and if she's anything like the old lady—line forms to the right, boys.

"Because," I heard a guy sing that old favorite — because he figured he could get away with it.

"Be Honest With Me Dear" — I'll get the lowdown from the neighbors, anyhow.

"Far Away Places," and the farther away those places the better chance of renting them without buying the owner's old furniture.

"I'll take you home again, Kathleen" if you'll let me watch the wrestling matches on your television set.

And then we had a cowboy with a tin horn voice, thought he'd make good as a crooner — after getting thrown out of every broadcasting station he visited, he is now sadly singing: "I'm Back in the Saddle Again."

The old classic, "Only A Rose" — and so his girl gave him the air, she expected a fur coat.

We'll play that "Tumble Down Shack in Athlone" — take it apart, altogether, boys.

"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," if I can palm off this bum transfer on the street car conductor.

"Forget About Puppy Love, Susie," you're too young to go to the dogs.

"Get Back Into the Garden, Adam," and get ready for a pleasant Eve.

A sad number: "My wife is having an affair with the photographer" I got the proofs.

And now that popular revival, "All the Things You Are"—omit the cuss words, boys.

The perennial favorite: "Mean to Me" — and that's what you mean to me—nothing at all.

Or that old favorite, "In the Good Old Summertime," did you get laid off for an indefinite period.

That popular "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover" — and that's a heluva excuse to give to the girl's old man when he catches you two sitting on the grass.

In my sweet little Alice blue gown, that looked like your maw's hand me down.

Now that old favorite:

"Nobody" and who is going to like the way we play it? Why that's easy: nobody.

She took all my love—she took all my money, too.

In the evening by the moonlight, you can hear a lot of young couples talking in whispers.

I'm goona bring my dog to where "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."

The gall bladder song: I'll get bile, as long as I have you.

Brighten the corner where you are, brighten the corner where you are, and if my old man is listening I know which corner where you are— the corner with the big saloon on it.

The Night Is Young—shall we sit here and watch it grow up?

Tennessee Waltz—if Missouri can waltz, why can't Tennessee?

Good Night, Irene, I'll have one heck of a time getting up in the morning if I hang around much longer.

Alice Blue Gown—tear it to pieces, boys until it looks like the Twelfth Street Rag.

A Bushel and a Peck—sounds like an order from the supermarket.

Now, "Nevertheless"—we heard it played a hundred times already, NEVERTHELESS, we'll play it again.



The new favorite, "Rag Mop" dedicated to my girl's hair.

Song medley. I used to dream we were sailing along, on moonlight bay, with the sweetheart of Sigma Chi, but now listen to the rusty oar locks creak as my bored wife and I go cruising down the river, on a Sunday afternoon.

Now, the old favorite, Mule Train—and the last time it was performed who was doing the vocals—a pair of mules?

Zippee de dah, zippee de ay, my, oh my, what a beautiful day—last time I heard it played was in the middle of a January blizzard—some guys have a peculiar sense of humor.

Sophisticated Lady: I stepped on her toe, by accident and the way she abused me, she might have been sophisticated, but she was no lady.

#### Walking In A Winter

Wonderland—the song that's been banned by every chamber of commerce in Florida and California.

Dear hearts and gentle pimples.

Old favorite, strange music—strange part of it, we call it music.

Western favorite, I'm back in the saddle again, and do I feel silly—no horse.

How high is the moon—how silly, we're all worried how high the rent, how high the grocery bill—they come out with a farfetched worry like how high the moon.

Yankee Doodle went downtown, riding on a pony - he didn't want to stand all the way on a crowded bus.

Old favorite, Be My Love, or better, be my meal ticket; getting tired of working for a living.

Now, walking in a winter wonderland - the noise you hear is from the musicians - they're stamping their feet to keep warm.

Old Man River, with scarce a quiver, no breeze. Again, play it quietly, it won't disturb the old man; he's crabby today.

Now some recordings, important tunes; platters that matter and platters that flatter.

Now, Mocking Bird Hill, with the mocking birds taking their royalties in bird seed. Followed by Sparrow in the Tree Top to break the monotony of too many birds. Or Mocking Bird Bill - with the rising cost of bird seed, the bill is higher than the hill.

Now, whistle while you work; Pucker up, folks.

Old favorite: "Wrap your troubles in dreams" — I have to wrap mine in a mink coat, or else she'll divorce me.

"Show me the way to go out of this world" or lay that pistol down, I was only kidding.

Old favorite: "My heart belongs to daddy", everything else belongs to the finance company.

Now, "The old gray mare," and with 20 to one, not a bad long shot.

"Hands across the table, and it reminds me of my boarding house, and the way those people eat, I wonder what race they belong to—the horse race?

"Listen to the mocking bird," and I wonder what sponsor it's coming through the courtesy of?

"You keep coming back like a song," and in your case, you keep coming back like a hangover.

"I don't care if you're a pawnbroker, Felix, you better quit, ain't gonna pawn around me."

Old favorite, "I'll walk alone" — the wife decided to wait for the bus.

"Glow worm" — that favorite song, he's that way about a lady worm — that's what makes him glow.

Original number — she was from Boston — one of the bags.



I thought I was the lucky old sun  
when I met the girl of my dreams—  
thought life would be moonlight and  
roses in the good old summer-time—  
but since we're married — Stormy  
Weather.

Peg o my heart — she wants all  
my love; she certainly is making a  
peg of herself.

"Ain't that just like a woman," as  
little Johnnny said when he saw a  
cow for the first time.

Original number: She was his old  
flame—until he put her out.

You're an old dog, father, that's  
why you like LIMBS.

Old rustic favorite, Turkey in the  
Oven — browns better than turkey in  
the straw.

Original number, she dodged me in  
the hallway but I got hold of her by  
the bannister.

The old gray mare, she ain't what  
she used to be, since she got tangled  
with some of the mules in Mule  
Train.

"Dear hearts and gentle people"—  
sounds like a politicians opening gun.

I'm sitting on a red hot stove be-  
cause I want to feel at home on the  
range.

I'm in love with a wonderful guy,  
and Rebecca, our little friend from  
the Bronx is singing it, I'm in love  
with a wonderful goy.

These foolish things remind me of  
you as the guy said to his girl, while  
he was milking the cow.

The poodle song, poodle acquaint-  
ance be forgot and never brought to  
mind.

In my merry oldsmobile and the  
girl who rides in it, a peculiar girl,  
she doesn't like a public park - "let's  
not park here - too public.

There's a horse in the meadow;  
don't laugh, next time you see him  
he'll be alongside a batch of French  
fries and a raw onion.

Old oaken bucket, and the heavy  
contralto who sang it, don't look now,  
but her bucket is dragging.

On a slow boat to China, sung by  
a guy whose face looks like an over-  
turned dish of egg foo young.

The old favorite Solitaire - how  
did Solly get into this.

Desert song, sung by a guy who  
just finished shaving the cactus from  
under his nose.

"I'm an old sow hand"—from the  
Union stockyards.

"Let's build a stairway to the  
stars"—get the bids from the con-  
tractors, boys.

"Don't elope with a pilot grand-  
maw," you're too old to take a flier.

"Better go out tonight and raise  
the ROOF, mother, daddys' bringing  
home the giraffe he met in the  
tavern.

"Don't take advantage of me, Doc-  
tor, just because my RESISTANCE  
is low.

The old Irish favorite: "The night  
that Paddy Murphy died" — and the  
fickle Mrs. Murphy — three different  
guys proposed to the widow—she was  
young and attractive—and, of course,  
the \$10,000 insurance helped too.

Stairway to the stars - sung by a  
hypocrite who never got past the  
escalator to some bargain basement.

Mocking bird hill, sung by a girl  
whose hill is getting to look like a  
mountain.

"Let's have a party", sung by a  
guy whose party needs a new line.

Charlie, my boy, oh Charlie my  
boy, and when the baby arrived  
and the boarder started singing,  
"Charlie's my boy, oh, Charlie my  
boy" - that settled the boarder's  
hash.



I dream of Jeannie, with the great big beak, used as a boat hook, rents it by the week.

You're driving me crazy, performed by the strait jacket trio.

Old favorite - If I should lose you; meet at Joe's tavern, usual booth.

The perennial, Whispering - that's what they all start doing when they see me - whispering.

It's the loveliest night for a beer - let's have one boys.

Come tiptoe through the tulips with me; sort of a silly game for grownups, isn't it.

It really isn't April Showers, it's just the Little White Cloud that cried.

Where shall I go, that ever favorite, followed by, "Shall I tell you?"

I'll see you in my dreams, I'll seize you in my dreams.

"Yes-Sir, that's my baby — how much do I have to contribute to its support.

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?"  
His nose is red,  
And his lips are blue  
And he's plastered through and through.

Now, the Merry Widow Waltz — lead her in, boys.

"It's the talk of the town." — hush, hush it, boys.

The old favorite, "The Girl that I Marry" better have a job — I'm out of work.

Father has so much liquor in him — he wears a U. S. Internal Revenue stamp.

"Nobody's Sweet Heart Now" — turn her over to the lonely hearts section, boys."

That old revival — "Sweet Georgia's brown" — been on the beach all day.

Old favorite, "Trees." A favorite also with my dog.

Cello song — cello old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind.

On a Slow Boat to China — where some guys won't honeymoon to get wife away from her former boy-friends.

One night of love — that's all she could allow me in her crowded agenda.

Now, the old revival, Buttermilk Sky, churn it, boys.

On a slow boat to China — where some guys won't go for some fresh egg foo young.

Yankee Doodle went downtown, riding on a pony: his wife was using the convertible.

"Why was I born," — no coaching from the audience, please.

That old Irish mother of mine — is still able to give me the back of her hand.

The old master painter — by permission of the painters union, local 3657.

St. Louis Women, with their zircon rings: who can afford diamonds nowadays.

Summertime — and the smoochin' is easy.

(Cruising Down the River)

Schmoozin' on the river: Hold still, will ya! you're upsetting the boat.

Medley of old favorites:

"Why was I born," because "It happened one night."

Oh, Susannah, Don't you cry for me.

My wife barged in and found me with the housemaid on my knee.

I only have eyes for you — I only have lies for you.

A little bird told me — the rest I learned from the older kids.

The girl that I marry will have to be,



Weighing a lot less than me:

I want to carry a bride over the threshold, not an elephant.

"I'm here to stay" — that's what my tough friend told the girl's husband when the old man surprised her and him — "I'm here to stay" — now there's a fresh mound over him, in the cemetery, with a little sign "I'm here to stay."

You were meant for me, I was meant for you, nature patterned you, and what a mean blow, you looked like something, win, place or show.

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover, but I'll be darned if I go near those messy cows; I don't want the four clover that badly.

"Down the Old Ox Road" — be careful where you put your feet, boys.

"There'll Be Some Changes Made" — call in the plastic surgeon, boys.

"Because" — I heard a guy sing that old favorite — because he figured he could get away with it.

"She's the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" — and if she's anything like her old lady — line forms to the right, boys.

I'm losing interest in my girl friend: She always sings, "I'm always true to you in my fashion" but such an old fashion.

"Some Sunday Morning" you boys play it while I go out and wash the car.

Old favorite, "Tea for Three" — used to be Tea for Two: but we have an addition to our family, the boarder.

Another old favorite—The Love Nest, as cold as can be, our landlord's a cheapskate, you see.

Another one: "I Love You Because" — sing the regular words boys, never mind your own versions.

Mid pleasures and palaces,  
Though we spend life,

Be she ever so ugly,  
She still is your wife.

Old favorite: I've Been Working on the Railroad. I had to take that job; they were threatening to cut off my unemployment compensation.

"You can't go wrong, sister, not with a MAP like yours."

"With a pan like yours, sister, who gives a darn what's cooking."

Her folks were at home, so I had to kiss her in the vestibule.

Original song, entitled: Get off the ladder, granny, that's not what I meant by a drink on the house.

Now the old favorite, Loused chord. It should have been the lost chord, but when you're through with it, the loused chord.

Cruising Down the River: I saw a girl on the river bank who had a very scant bathing suit, and it was quite cold; she certainly exhibited a lot of fortitude—if that's what you call it.

"I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts" coconuts, those are grapefruits with girdles.

Put on an old pair of shoes—something like the drummer's wearing now.

The old gray mare. She ain't as fussy as she used to be; you should see the old nag she's romancing with.

The Sun Shines Bright in My Old Kentucky Home; but once we get a roof on the place, the sun won't come in—neither will the rain.

Now the old favorite, Mule Train. Last time it was played so slowly, the mules got there ahead of the train.

The best things in life are usually well covered by the confession story magazines.



Old favorite: The Harp that once was played in Tara's Halls, has been replaced with a juke box.

Come to the fair with me, Esmeralda, and let me take you by the turnstiles.

"On a Slow Boat to China," and with your wife for company, monotonous isn't it?

Or, "When You and I Were Young Maggie," shall we start bragging?

Song Medley: "I'm Headed for the Last Roundup, With Those Riders in the Sky, and It'll Take Time, Because the Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be."

"It's past the children's bedtime, mother, go across the street to the pool room and round them up.

My girl friend used to have a bulging abdomen, but since buying a girdle, "How It Lies, How It Lies."

The old beer song: "Roll Out the Barrel," I lost my pants in a crap game.

The old standby — "Lady Be Good" to me.

Old favorite: Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here; I really don't know—I haven't heard from my booking agent.

Little Gray Home in the West: little gray hair on my vest; wife wants to know what I've been doing—making some old grandmother feel young again?

Old favorite: Sleepy Time Gal: wake her up boys, it might be worth your while.

Alexander's Ragtime Band: that guy still getting bookings.

Keep Your Sunny Side Up: the measseuse isn't through working on it.

Medley: The Three Rivers on their way to join their father, old man river.

The old favorite: I Got My Love to Keep Me Warm: and with the coal situation, that's something.

"Let me grow bold with you," (let me grow old with you).

Dear Hearts and Gentle People: they're all that way when they want a flat from you; under their breaths, you should hear what they call you.

Old favorite: One Night of Love: fill in the details, boys.

Yankee Doodle went down town riding on a pony, but he didn't feel so bad because on the way he passed up Frankie riding on a mule train.

I'm throwing rice at the girl that I love, and believe me that excuse saved my life when her husband caught me in the house with her.

Home on the Range: with a television set and a pitcher of beer, not so bad a place to be.

The Girl That I Marry will have to do, just what her hubby expects her to: Go uot and get a job and support me.

Moonlight and Roses: June light and Moses; how did Moses get into this.

The mean teacher kept the entire class in during recess: Shall We Gather by the River?

Where do we go for beer, boys, where do we go for beer (where do we go from here boys).

(Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching) In the prison cell I knit—got to have something to do, or I'd go nuts.

Alice Blue Gown: adjust it so your slip won't show, don't be so sloppy.

Old favorite: Just One of Those Things: and on my fat girl just one of those things looks like two of those things on the average woman.

The Night That Paddy Murphy Died: his widow was heartbroken—she found out he didn't have any insurance.

"Baby, It's Cold Outside," and as one girl remarked to the other, my boy friend is bashful inside, but, baby, he's bold outside.



Sweetest Little Fellow, everybody knows, don't know what to call him—but if I did I'd be ruled off the air.

Sing low, sweet Harriet, or don't sing at all; we'd prefer it that way.

Your swing is low, sweet Harriet—it's almost dragging on the ground.

The old classic: Come where my love lies screaming—she just saw a mouse.

Take me out to the ball game—if you want to get to first base with me.

Old favorite, the Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be—kind of disappointing to the horse, eh, what?

Old beer song, Roll out the barrel—I just lost my pants in a crap game.

Papa, won't you dance with me—I want to try out a new strangle hold on you.

"Lady Be Good" — to me. It's only a paper moon—and you look like a big baboon.

That old favorite, we'll build a bungalow: we're facing eviction anyhow.

Once again, we'll build a bungalow—start bungling it, boys.

Old favorite, Hand me down my walking cane, the old man's pretty ugly when he's plastered, and I've got to defend myself.

There's No Tomorrow—unless the governor commutes my death sentence to life.

Have I told you how much I loved you—well darling, I'll shoot the lies to you now.

You were meant for me, but it still takes a mink coat to convince you.

Yankee Doodle went down town, riding on a pony: he was going to meet his wife, so what was his hurry.

Medley: I'm just wild about Harry, after One Night of Love on a Slow Boat to China.

The old gray mare—she's headed for the last roundup.

I want a girl, just like the girl that told dad, nothing doing.

Shine on Harvest Moon—shine on bald head—same high lustre.

Old favorite: Your lips tell me no, no but there's a mink coat in your eyes.

The new favorite, "Rag Mop," dedicated to my girl's hair.

With a pan like yours, sister, who gives a darn what's cooking.

Cement song (you were meant for me) You cement for me, I cement for you.

There's no place like home—her home—when her folks are away.

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, ever since she had a pony-boy, pony-boy.

"When You Were Sweet Sixteen," helluva long time ago, wasn't it?

A well remembered number, "The General's Horse," get your broom and shovel boys, horses will be horses.

"You're getting to be a habit with me," a bad habit.

Now the old favorite, "On a Slow Boat to China," and with a nice sociable girl, who care if we ever get to China.

"I'm a Lone Cow Hand," from the corner drug store.

The perennial favorite, "Back Home Again in Indiana," and was my mother rejoiced to see me—the hired man had just quit and there was no one to help maw with the pigs.

"All Right, Louie, Drop the Gun," I'll marry your daughter.

Old favorite, "We Live in Two Different World's," what a housing situation.

Medley: "Johnny, Get Your Girl," the boys around here have "Careless Hands."



And again: "When You and I Were Young Maggie," we gave the neighbors plenty to gossip about.

Old favorite, "Sweet and Low"—just the way my gal wears her evening gown—sweet and low.

"I've got a lovely bunch of cocoanuts"—cocoanuts, those are the grapefruits with girdles.

I wonder what became of Sally, that old PILL of mine. I wonder—I'm the only guy that really wonders about her, the rest of the buys don't give a good goldarn.

Oh, Susannah, don't you spy on me—for I'm strolling in the garden and a pretty girl's with me.

Beautiful dreamer — beautiful screamer—she's a shrill soprano.

My heart's in the highlands,  
My heart is not here,  
My heart's in the highlands,  
Chasing the dames.

Now for a few excerpts from the barber of Seville—shave away, boys—give him a hair cut and a shave boys. Cruising down the river.

Blank-blank-blank down the river, on a Sunday afternoon.

(The blanks are for what I don't want my wife to hear about.)

Turkey in the straw; last year all they gave me was the gizzard.

The one I love belongs to somebody else—but when she's with me, you'd never know it. The pal of mine she belongs to lets me take her out on a sort of lend-lease basis.

Old favorite, to think you've chosen me, and a sequel, to think you've frozen me—dedicated to the OPA.

All of me—why not take all of me, as I said to a mosquito who took such a big bite of me you'd have thought he was trying to swallow me.

Hindustan—Hindu-sing, where the painted women proudly shake that thing.

Old favorite, bushel and a peck, my girl is so fat, she looks like a bushel with a neck.

In my adobe hacienda—with three families living in there already, what price privacy.

Old favorite, there's a tree in the meadow, and with 90 degrees in the shade—head for it boys.

Rings on her fingers—lumps on her toes—the way she tries to get a size 7 shoe on her clodhoppers, who did she think she was—Cinderella.

All the little birdies go (pantomime, wipe self, hands, face, clothing, glare upward at imaginary birds.)

Mule Train—slow it down and give the mule a chance to exchange greetings with Rudolph the rednosed reindeer.

Linger a while, and when you have gone away, each hour will seem a day—get that—each hour will seem a day; does he mean that when he is working, one hour will seem like a day—and he'll expect to get paid for a day. Ah, reminds me, my pal's mother-in-law, he tells me, when she visits him, each hour doesn't seem a day—it seem's a year.

Tip toe through the tulips with me - hum, way tip toe? Are they afraid of scaring the field mice?

Mary's a grand old name.

Mary for a grand is game.

Little White Cloud That Cried — what a thing to worry about; when your kid cries you tell him to cut it out, when your wife cries you say, aw, shad up—but when a little white cloud cries, what do you know, a song.

All by myself in the moonlight, or why don't you see your dentist.

A guy is a guy - incredible, isn't it?

I found a million dollar baby in a five and ten cent store, and where do you think I bought the engagement ring I gave her.



Now the old favorite, Mammy, who conveniently comes from Alabama, anything to make it easier to rhyme with Mammy.

Now, for a change, home on the range: home on the range, sung by a stout girl, her range is quite wide.

Old number, Cruising Down the River. I tried to kiss her and she threatened to upset the boat—and she knew darn well I couldn't swim; there's a girl who preferred death to dishonor . . . my death.

Way down upon the Swanee river, far, far away, that's where my head is turning ever; a pretty girl went by wearing shorts.

Old favorite, Too Young, and the sequel when the girl sees me, "too old."

Medley: Off a Slow Boat to China—with my wife along, that's no Festival of Roses.

Now, Over the Summer Sea — plunge right in, boys.

Lady of Spain, teamed up with Mademoiselle from Armentieres—what a pair to have on a Slow Boat to China.

The Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be, ever since she had an affair with those riders in the sky.

Merry Widow Waltz, nice number, providing you can get the merry widow to waltz over to the bank, where she keeps her money.

Come on to my house. Come on to my horse, to my horse, and I will give you free onions, as sung by the proprietors of two rival hamburg stands.

Walking my baby back home, taxis weren't running, so I told her.

Buttons and bows, reminds me of the sequel, buttons and booze, and my old man got thrown out of the tavern, trying to buy booze with buttons.

I'll always be true to you, in my fashion—and I'll always be true to you in my penthouse, as long as you're paying the rent.

On a slow boat to Hades—my wife gave me H all the way.

Someone had to plant the cotton, but why in the heck were you born.

Cocktails for two, or who drank up all the anti-freeze?

An original number: My dear little girl is independent; does everything of her own free will—she's free and, boy, she will.

The old song, in the evening by the moonlight, isn't as practical as in the evening, by the television.

Too young—that's what they'll never say about me—too young.

Back home again in Indiana, and the last time I sang it with such feeling, one guy got up and cried, and when I asked him, he told me how he wished I really was back in Indiana—why did I ever tunnel my way out and how did I manage to elude the bloodhounds.

I'll see you my dreams, until I have enough money saved to take you out.

Now, the old beer barrel polka, sake it around till you hear the beer splash.

South of the border—that's where the old crook is heading, with the armed posse in hot pursuit.

Lover, come back to me, the old man is out of town.

Song Medley: Ah, yes, women, if you have no money, she has a cold, cold heart, she's undecided; "you better go now," I'll see you in my dreams; my waking time is taken up with the live ones—but produce a mink coat, "I like it."

The barmaid song, "bar maid bist du schein."

Give my old shirt (regards) to Broadway.

Now "Solitarie" by a guy who should be serving it.

On a Slow Boat to China—where some people want to get their chow mein wholesale.



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